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NOVEMBER

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The Lone Ranger

ALL COMICS!

52 pages



OLD INDIAN CUSTOMS



EAGLES AND OSPREYS, CAUGHT AS FLEDGLINGS AND TRAINED MUCH LIKE FALCONS, OFTEN HELPED THE INDIAN WITH HIS FISHING AND SMALL GAME HUNTING.



TO COOK WILD FOWL THE BIRD WAS FIRST CLEANED BUT NOT PLUCKED. THE FEATHERS WERE COATED WITH MUD AND THE FOWL PLACED IN A PREHEATED HOLE, THEN COVERED WITH HOT STONES. WHEN COOKED, THE FEATHERS CAME OFF EASILY WITH THE HARD CLAY.



THE FAVORITE FOOD AMONG THE BUFFALO HUNTERS OF THE GREAT PLAINS WAS SAW KIDNEYS AND BRAINS FROM A FRESHLY KILLED BUFFALO.

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The LONE RANGER

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NO USE SAYING ADDS TO THOSE HOWDIES,
SURE? - THEY WOULDN'T ANSWER. - NOW,
LET'S WANDER OUT OF HERE!

2

HOUR LATER

TONTO, WHERE TOO LATE, ANOTHER
STAGE HAS BEEN AMBUSHED!

TWO DEAD MEN...
WHO DO
THESE?

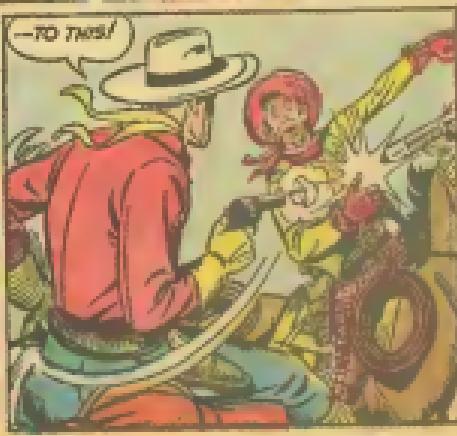
HOLSTER YOUR GUNS, TONTO! WHOEVER DID THIS
IS GONE!

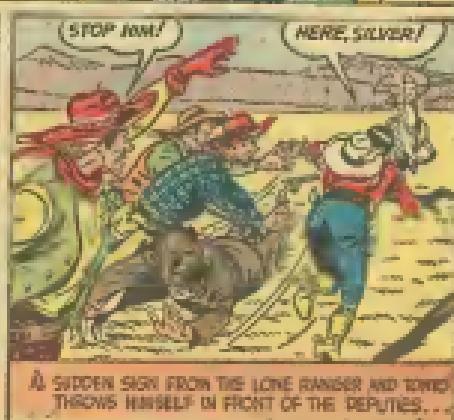
LET'S TAKE A CLOSER LOOK...

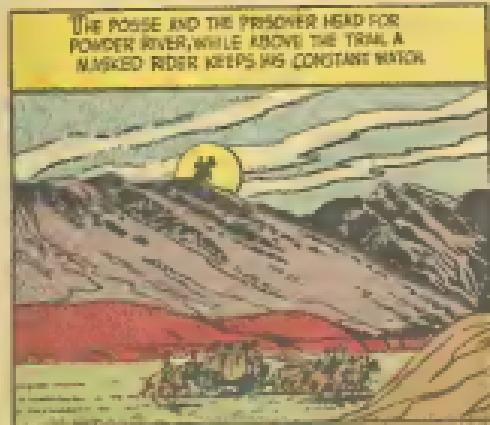
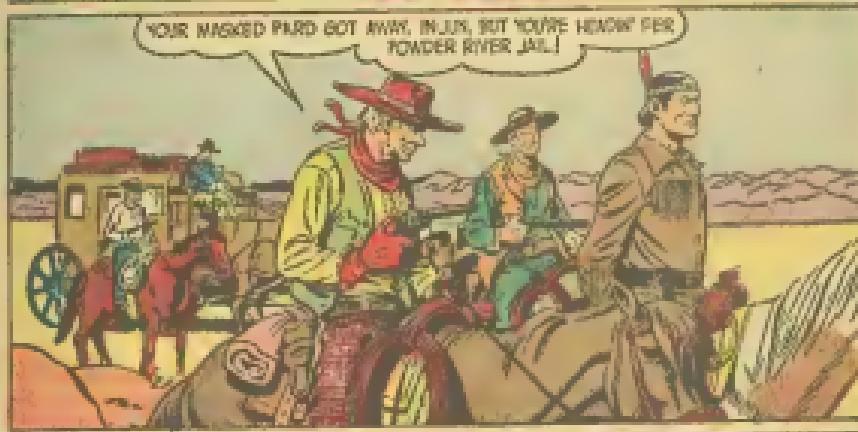
LOOK WHAT TONTO FOUND!

A BROKEN SPUR!



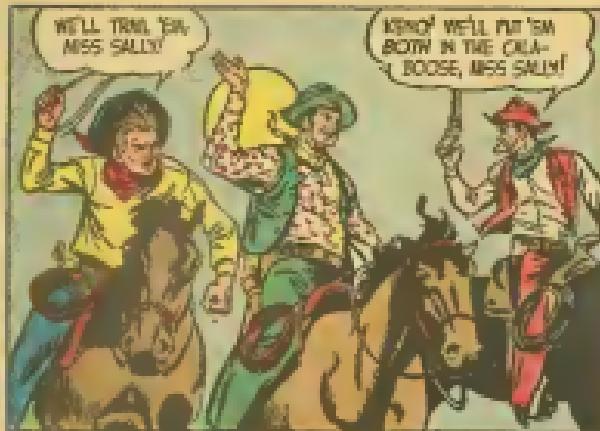




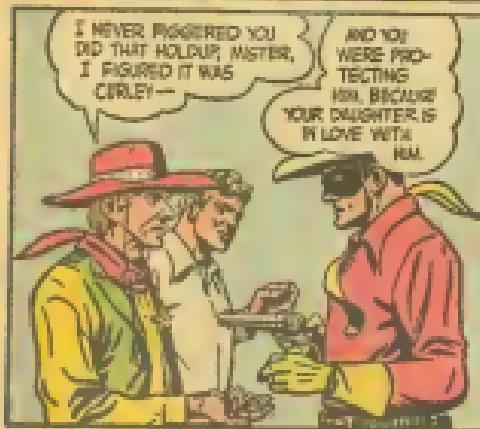


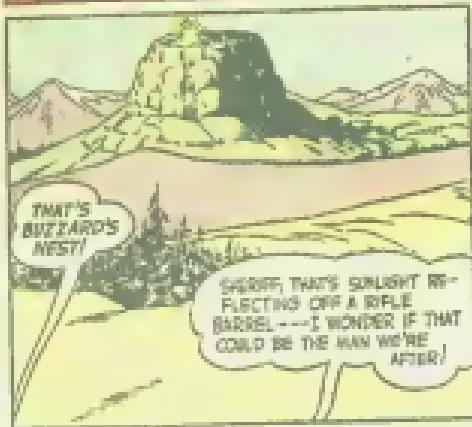








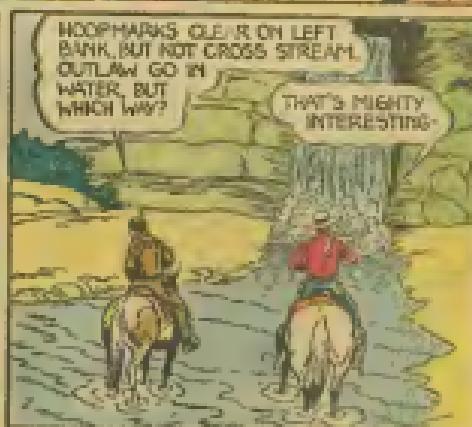


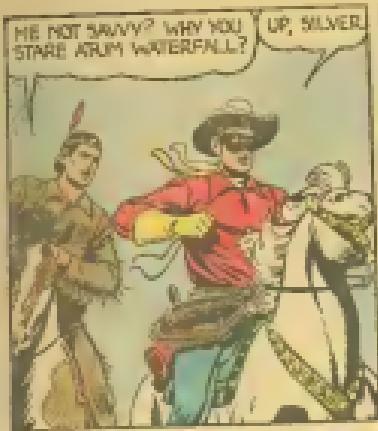




•
AN HOUR LATER AT THE ROOT OF BUR-ZARD'S NECK
•
•

THEY WENT RIGHT PAST THE WATERFALL WITHOUT EVEN STOPPING. THEY'LL NEVER TRAIL ME NOW!





RIGHT AT HIM, TONTO! EITHER HE GIVES UP - OR WE GO DOWN!



BUT THE MASKED MAN LEADS THE WAY - RIGHT INTO THE RAIN OF BULLETS!

THE OUTLAW BREAKS FIRST! WHEELING HIS HORSE, HE GALLOPS HEADLONG UP THE TUNNEL!



WE NEAR THE TOP. FEEL FRESH AIR.

KEEP COMING. ONCE WE HIT THE TOP WELL FIND THE TROUBLE.



THE LONE RANGER AND TONTO PRESS GRIMLY ALONG THE TUNNEL-UP AND UP AND UP.

THERE THEY ARE!

IT'S THEIR FINISH! NOBODY EVER LEAVES BULLARD'S NEST ALIVE!



HOW WE PADMUM OUTLAW!

AND THAT'S NOT ALL, TONTO - DUCK!



THE LONE RANGER AND TONTO REACH THE TOP







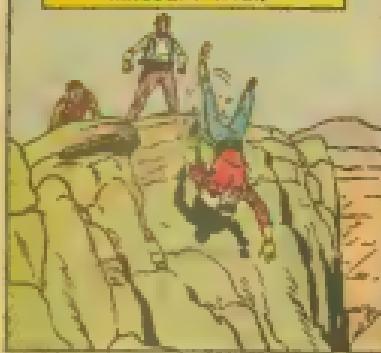
BUT THE LONE RANGER STAYS ERECT, HIS INDOMITABLE SPIRIT KEEPS HIM IN THE FIGHT ---



THE MAN STANDS FOR A MOMENT, AMAZED, UNABLE TO BELIEVE WHAT HE SEES



A TREACHEROUS CHARGE AND
THE LONE RANGER HURLES
THROUGH THIN AIR!



OVER THE CLIFF!

HE'S A GOMER!



NOW WE'LL TAKE CARE OF
THAT INJUN. HE WAS JUST
WOUNDED.



BUH, THEY'RE COMING
BACK! UNITE ME!

UGH, TONTO
PLENTY WEAK,
BUT HIM TRY...



ARE WE
INTERRUPTIN'
SOMETHIN'?

WHERE
LONE
RANGER?

OVER
THE
CLIFF
HE'S
DEAD!



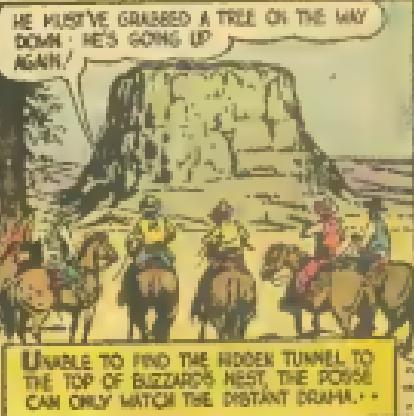
THE WORDS ECHO IN TONTO'S EARS!
HE SITS LIKE A FROZEN STONE!



MEANWHILE, BROKEN BRANCHES
HIDE THE COURSE OF THE
LONE RANGER'S FALL. . . .



SUDDENLY, THE LIMP BODY
STIRS! THE LONE RANGER
. . . IS ALIVE!



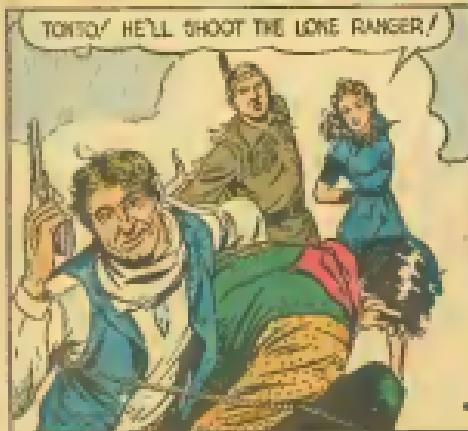
HE MUST'VE GRABBED A TREE ON THE WAY
DOWN. HE'S GOING UP
AGAIN!

UNABLE TO FIND THE HIDDEN TUNNEL TO
THE TOP OF BULLDOGG'S NEST, THE HORSE
CAN ONLY WATCH THE INSTANT DRAMA. . . .

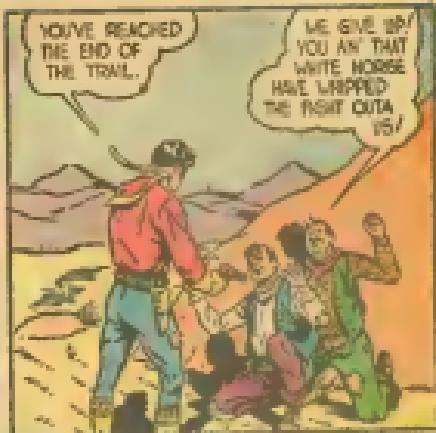
THAT MASKED
MAN'S A WONDER!
LOOK AT HIM CLIMB!





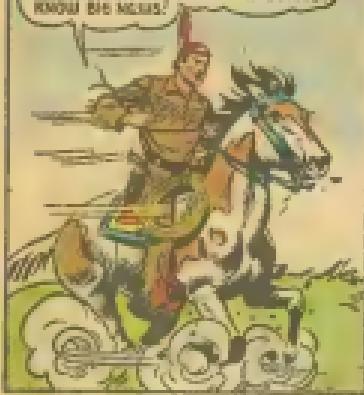






The Lone Ranger

GET-EM UP SECURITY! LONE RANGER MUST KNOW HIS MEMOS!



THEM SAWMIE INDIAN,
SEE TONTO CHASE,
PLENTY WEEBEE,



AND THE INDIANS
PLAN TO ATTACK
THE TRAIN. WELL,
GET UNDER WAY
AT ONCE! NO
TIME TO LOSE!

THE GUN
ON TRAIN?
INDIANS
WANT-UM!

YOU SAY THAT WHITE MEN
WERE HELPING THOSE SAW-
MIEE'S KNOW THE SECRET.
THE WHITE MEN SEE THE
INDIANS TO ATTACK THE
TRAIN AND KILL OFF THE
PEOPLE. THEN THEY
LOST THE WICKED
CARS.

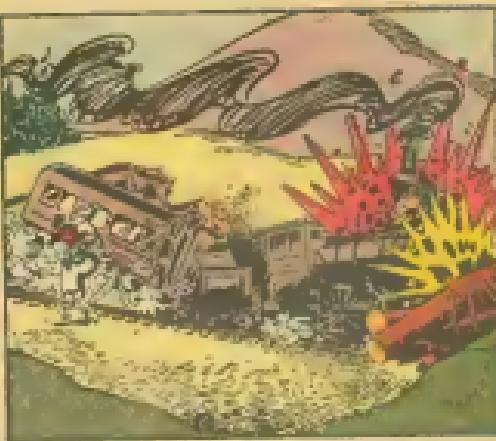


STOP
BUDDIES INDIAN! HE'S AFTER
THAT TRAIN. HE'S AN

THE MONEY ON
THIS TRAIN OR
MY NAME'S NOT
BIG SAWYER!



GET SAWYER,
INDIANS ARE
WICKED!



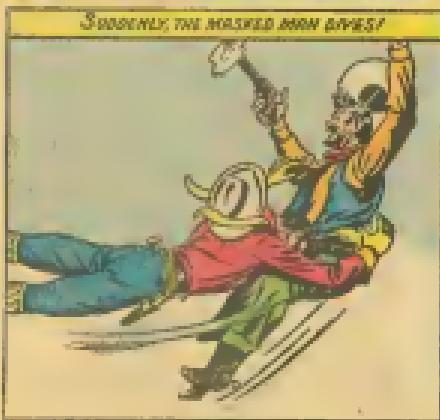
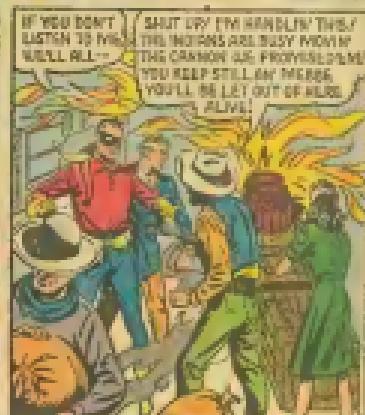


THE SAWMILL IS CALLED BY HIS
COMPANIONS STEVE. HE CARRIES
A PISTOL AND A KNIFE ON THE LONG RANGE.



IF WE LEAVE THE SAWMILL IT WILL BE
A MESSY RUIN. HE'LL BE BURNED ALIVE.







THE INDIANS ARE SURE OF THEIR SUCCESS IN ATTACKING THE POST.



THE HORSES OF THE DAKO CROSSES WILL TAKE YOU TO THE HEART TAUNH THERE'S NOTHING MORE WE CAN DO HERE! TONTO AND I MUST TRY AND WIN THE TRAPPIES!

WHEN YOU GET THE CHANCE, STRANGER, COME TO TOWNSHIP AND I CAN SHOW OUR APPRECIATION. YOU CERTAINLY SEVERE THE INDIANS.



MEANWHILE—

LOOK AT THOSE REDHEADS! THIS IS OUR FINISH!



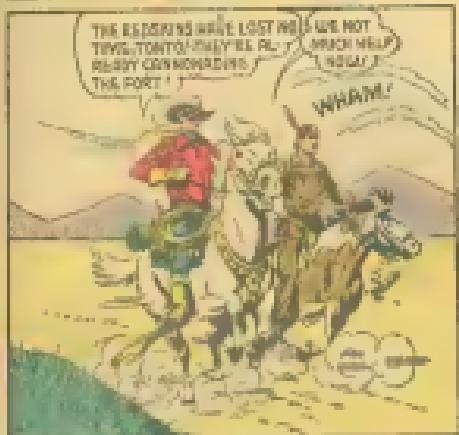
THOSE REDHEADS ARE HAVING PLENTY OF TROUBLE. WE DON'T HAVE ANYTHING TO DO WITH THEM. HOW LONG HAVE THEY GOT CANNON?

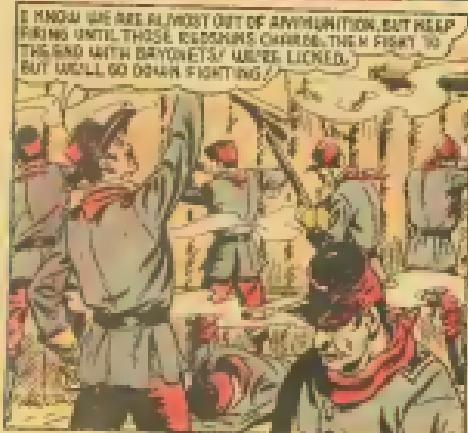
WE'VE BEEN SUPPLY TRAINING THEM FOR A LONG TIME!

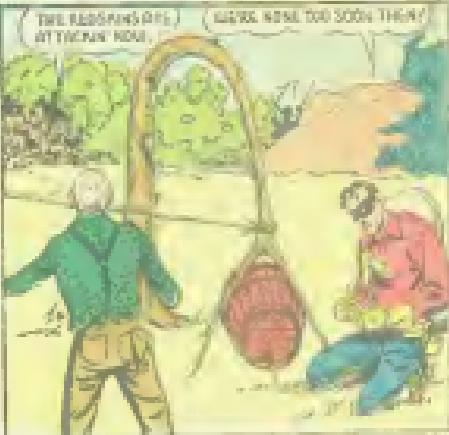
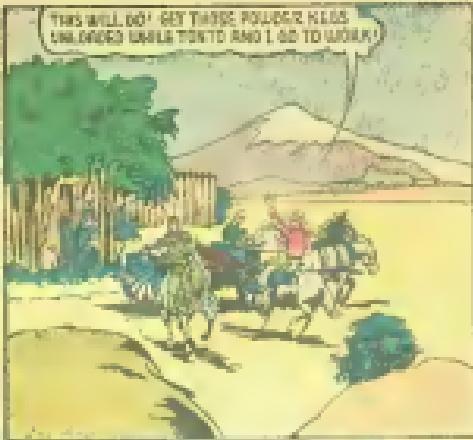


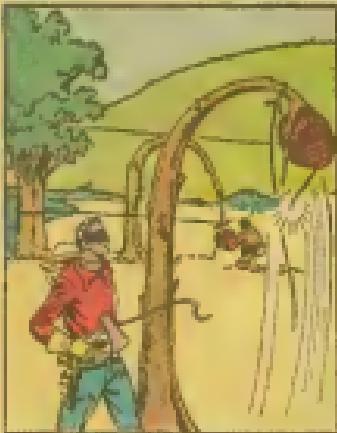
LET'S GET THEM TO USE EXPLOSIVE CANNON BALLS!













Little Man RUNS THE GAUNTLET

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Five hundred pounding hoofs flung up a cloud of desert dust to greet the red dawn. On the flanks of the bunch rode Little Man and Buffalo Calf—worn, hungry, and proud. Hours ago they had cheated death at the hands of the cruel Comanches. Now they were running north with more than a hundred of their enemies' stock. This bunch of horses meant wealth for the Navajo boys—if they could keep it!

If they could stay ahead of the Comanche riders who must already be hot on their trail! If they could keep their cavy together through the burning desert and the broken mountain passes—across deep dry wash and flooding river! If they could win home into the Navajo canyons where enemies dared not follow!

Even at the certain risk of their lives, it was worth a try. Not once during the day did boys or horses stop for water—or for a mouthful of food. The only pause was to butcher a colt that had broken its leg in a prairie dog hole. Little Man had tied a chunk of the fresh meat to his pony and ridden on.

That night, tired as the horses were, it was hard to keep them from bolting

in search of water. A few of them lay down. A few snatched mouthfuls of dry grass. Most of them moved restlessly, snorting and sniffing the air, which promised rain.

The rain came without wind or lightning. Little Man, sleeping his turn on the dusty ground, with his pony's tether rope tied to his wrist, felt the patter of cooling drops on his skin. Then, without further warning, came the real downpour! In a few moments, the horses were sucking up water from rain puddles. The Navajo boys caught rain in their cupped hands and drank from them. And all in a darkness so thick, that there was no such thing as sight!

Before daylight, the rain clouds passed. Little Man and Buffalo Calf could see enough now, to round up their horse herd. Refreshed and rested, they made good time. They had to! Not even washed-out tracks could keep the Comanches from following them.

Down glinted from a bright streak on the desert floor.

"The river!" cried Buffalo Calf, joining his older friend. "See! The rain last night has filled it, bank to bank. We'll

never get our horses across until it goes down.

"That would be too late," replied Little Man grimly. "The river will be lower than the Comanches. We shall cross it or drown, Buffalo Calf . . . Don't let the ponies break away when they reach the edge."

The ponies did not break. Still-thirsty after their long run, they crowded to plunge their muzzles into the yellow stream. Little Man took time out to gallop to a little bluff and scan their back trail. At first he saw no sign of life; but as he watched, a dozen tiny specks tapped a distant rise. Only for an instant were they visible, yet, in that instant, Little Man recognized them: Comanches! They were clinging to the horse trail with the bloodthirsty purpose of a wolf pack. In half an hour they would arrive!

Little Man signaled the news to Buffalo Calf as he galloped to the rear of the cavy. The younger boy rode yelling at the ponies' rear. Snort—splash—squeal—and the bunch was into the river current.

Swift water began to turn them downstream, but Little Man had foreseen that. Swimming his horse upstream toward them, he let off a series of bloodcurdling whoops. He splashed water. He fought the head of the pony

hard back into the cross-stream course.

Three times the boy turned his wiry mount back to straighten out the swimming cavy. The pony's strength was failing. Little Man felt it. He waited until another horse swam close—then changed mounts in midstream. A quick loop of his rope around the second pony's nose, and he was "bridled." In ten minutes, the last of the cavy was across, with Buffalo Calf whooping at their rear.

Ahead rose the blue-gray mountains that bordered Navajo Land. Behind came the Comanches, and death. The boys could escape now—by abandoning all but a few of their captured ponies. But their daring was up. They had risked too much to quit. They drove the cavy at top speed, reckless of gullies, rocks and holes.

As the miles spun behind under those racing hoofs, the cavy grew a little smaller. Old horses and weak ones failed to jump all the dry washes. A few lagged or broke away and there was no time to chase them back into the bunch. But a full hundred fast, tough broncos thundered on.

The blue mountains changed to purple, to brown, to red and yellow and gray, all mixed. A canyon mouth opened in the looming wall of foothills. Reeling with weariness, Little Man





glanced back. The Comanches' horses were tired, too. They could not gain fast. But their dust cloud was now only a mile to the rear. Like gray wolves, they would not give up. Not until their mounts died under them!

Little Man and Buffalo Calf would not give up, either. They flanked their little herd, guiding it into the canyon's mouth. For half a mile the tiny valley stretched clear before them.

Then, around a bend, Little Man saw mounted Indians. Some of them were halting where the canyon pinched in to a narrow bottleneck. Others were galloping to encircle the boys' cavy. They were stringing their short bows, fitting arrows to the strings.

"Apaches!" yelled Buffalo Calf. "We'll have to run for it—"

"NO!" Little Man screamed, above the drumming of hoofs and whoops of their new enemies. "Drive straight through the canyon! Drive!"

Little Man laid an arrow to his bowstring—and loosed it with a weak cast. The stone head barely pricked a bronco in the close packed cavy. But the prick was enough. Squealing, the little beast spread his fright to the others. The drive became a stampede that nothing could stop.

And now Apache arrows were flying. One of them grazed Little Man's ribs

He slipped to the far side of his bronco, clinging to mane and surcingle. Just in time, Buffalo Calf followed suit . . . No—not quite in time to escape an arrow through the skin of his leg!

All at once, the canyon walls closed in upon them. The Apaches knowing they could not hold the bottleneck, had leaped to precarious perches on the walls. Now they rained down arrows and tomahawks at the Novajo youngsters, "running the gauntlet!"

But their aim was poor, in the dust and speed of plunging horses. Five or six panies were struck—One went down. Sweating, dusty flanks jammed closer, forcing Little Man and Buffalo Calf to the backs of their mounts . . .

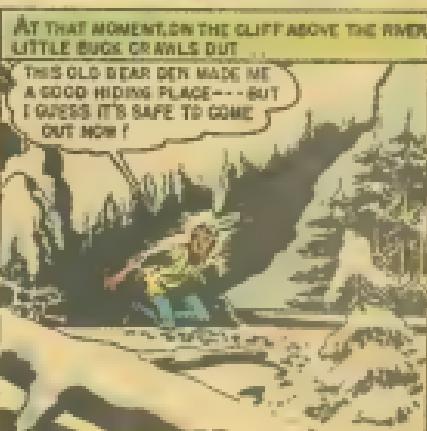
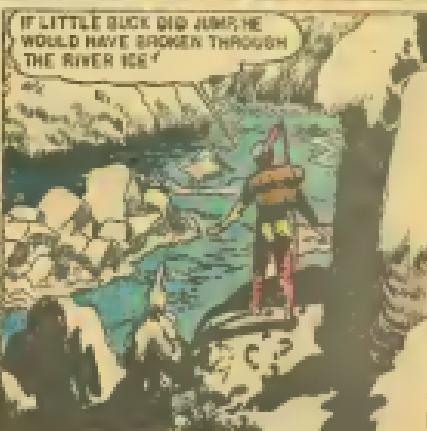
Then the danger was past. The panies seemed to know it. At any rate, they slowed their wild pace. And far behind sounded a few rifleshots.

Little Man grinned, through the dust that caked his lips.

"Comanches ran into Apache arrows!" he shouted to his friend. "They'll have no time to chase us now, Buffalo Calf."

"They would not dare to, anyway," laughed the younger boy. "We are close to our home canyon. You have done what you promised to do. From now on, your name will be LITTLE-MAN-BRINGING-MANY-HORSES-HOME!"

YOUNG HAWK



THERE'S OUR VILLAGE---AND
NO SIGN OF THE DAKOTAS---
I'LL GO HOME AND TELL THEM
HOW BRAVELY YOUNG HAWK
DIED---CARRYING
AN ENEMY OVER
THE CLIFF!



LITTLE BUCK! WE
THOUGHT YOU WERE
DEAD OR CAPTURED!

HOW DID YOU GET
AWAY?



IT IS YOUNG HAWK WHO
WAS KILLED---JUMPING
OFF THE CLIFF---

YOUNG HAWK? HE'S NOT
DEAD! HE HELPED US
FIGHT OFF THE DAKOTAS
AND THEN WENT LOOK-
ING FOR YOU!



AT SUNSET, YOUNG HAWK OVERTAKES THE
DAKOTA WAR PARTY...

I SMELL SMOKE! THEY
ARE CAMPING FOR
THE NIGHT!



THERE'S THE CAMP---AND THE
SENTRY WATCHING THEIR BACK
TRAIL---BUT NO SIGN OF
LITTLE BUCK!



MEANWHILE, LITTLE BUCK, TOO, IS FOLLOWING
CLOSE ON THE ENEMY'S TRACK...

COME ON, TWIN---CREED---
JUST A LITTLE FURTHER!
WE'LL FIND YOUNG HAWK,
PRETTY SOON!







NEARLY INVISIBLE UNDER HIS WHITE RABBITROSE,
YOUNG HAWK CRAWLS INTO THE SLEEPING CAMP...



TERRIFIED, LEST TUMBLEWEED SHOOT AGAIN AND
WARN THE DAKOTAS, LITTLE BUCK WAITS HIS
FRIEND'S APPROACH...



WE'LL HAVE TO LEAVE
TUMBLEWEED—OR
HE'LL MAKE A NOISE!



QUIVERING WITH EXCITEMENT, TUMBLEWEED
WATCHES—AND THE BOYS DREAD THE BARK OR
WHINE THAT WILL GIVE THEM AWAY...



BUT THE RIGHTEST WORK STILL REMAINS...

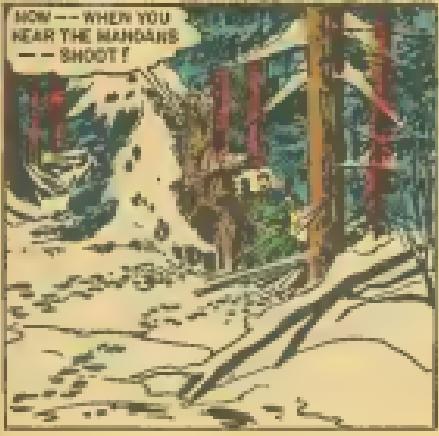
SUDDENLY, AWARE THAT HE IS BEING DESERTED,
TUMBLEWEED ACTS...



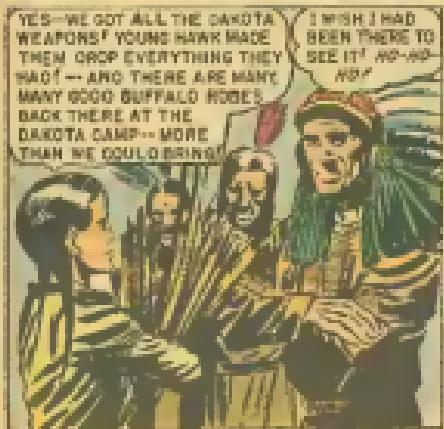
POP—POW—POW!
THE BOY—
HE'S GONE!
UP—AND
AFTER HIM
THE DOG WILL
LEAD US!













ALL AT ONCE, THE KIDS BOYS ARE VERY POPULAR indeed.



THAT NIGHT, THERE IS A MEETING OF THE KIDS FOR CLUB...



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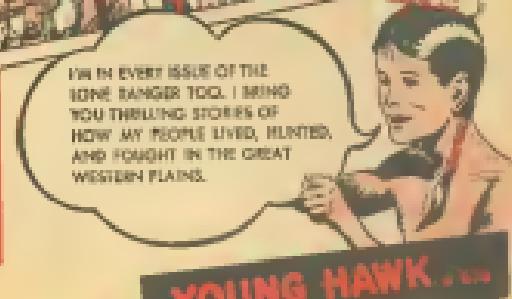
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YOUNG HAWK

